

Good Morning

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The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Wales holds Record Sheep-dip

GERTIE was a good-looking girl in the days when she used to trish in sprightly style beside her demure mother. Years passed and she grew stout and stately, the perfect dignified matron, and kept the pose until she suffered the greatest indignity of her life, right on her own doorstep almost. Rude men seized her with their great rough hands, grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and the rump of her back, and threw her bodily into a cold bath.

Right to the bottom they pushed her, three times, soused her head and washed her feet, and when Gertie emerged from the ordeal, still dignified despite all, she was no longer white. She was as yellow as if she had been stricken with jaundice.

Gertie was one of more than a hundred thousand mountain sheep from the Berwyn Range, North Wales, who were dipped as a precaution against the spread of sheep scab, in one of the biggest "dip drives" held for years in the area.

Dawn was breaking when farmers from the counties of Merionethshire, Montgomery and Denbighshire met at appointed places on the mountain peaks, driving their flocks before them, and the light had gone when the last farmer made his way back to his home-stead, weary, but knowing that a good job had been well done.

All day long the shrill whistles of the sheep farmers and the excited barking of their dogs had echoed over the desolate mountain range, and between daylight and dusk nearly 2,000 sheep had been dipped in the Garthiaen bath, in a primitive setting reminiscent of a Biblical scene.

As the sheep came down from the mountains they were driven into a fenced corral, guided through running water, so that their feet were cleansed, next into a pen, and finally into the dipping bath.

Total immersion was the order of the day. Some of the sheep went quietly, resigned with dignity to their fate; some managed to look bored and supercilious even when they scrambled from the custard-coloured disinfectant solution in which they had been dipped. Some floated in almost gracefully and submerged of their own volition, not needing the poke with the "crutch" which rewarded those who struggled, but others fought like furies until they were mastered and given a proper ducking.

Old men and young lads from farms for many miles around helped in the dipping, for it was a matter of "help your neighbour," each for all, not each for his own flock.

When a break was called for dinner, all gathered together in the crude shack nearby, to dip their tin mugs into the huge billycan of tea which had been boiled over a log fire built in the open, share big hunks of home-baked bread, spread with home-made butter, and enormous wedges of home-made cheese, congregated together to enjoy their meal, seated on boulders at the side of the mountain stream, with their dogs sitting beside them eagerly waiting for the crumbs from their masters' "table."

100,000
are souused

By Mary Silburn

Police and Ministry of Agriculture officials supervised the dippings, which were carried out in more than 100 baths in different parts of the three counties.

"Man of the minute" at Garthiaen was Police Constable Tom Roberts, of Llanidloes, armed, not with a baton as badge of office, but a stop-watch and old-fashioned "sand glass" egg boiler, timed to run one minute, as double check to ensure that every sheep had its minutes' dip.



And—there's a BEE-BOOM TO-DAY

SUGAR rationing has caused a run on honey, and there's a mild boom in beekeeping. A healthy swarm of bees to-day is worth £2, double the pre-war value.

An amazing new industry has sprung up in the package-bee business. Bee-breeders are sending out colonies, complete with queens and worker bees, in little wire-netting cages. Their travels are timed to establish the bees in their new homes just as the fruit trees blossom.

Bees at blossom-time increase fruit yields by ten per cent. or more, and bees are even being rented out to orchard growers.

To-day beeswax is used in high explosives, and it forms the basis of many ointments. Scientists have been studying bees to see how they may be made to work longer and perhaps more usefully.

Every year Britain's bees produce 200,000,000 pounds of honey, and more than a third of this is "stolen" by humans.

Dr. Lloyd Watson, working under a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation, is cross-

W. H. MILLIER

"THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOXING"

TAKES THE LID OFF HUN BOXING RACKET

TEUTONIC thoroughness is frequently mistaken for cleverness, and many of our own misguided nationalities have been gulled into thinking that the average German is cleverer than his British counterpart, which is stupid, to say the least about it.

A friend of mine, who was a prisoner of war in Germany during the last war, told me how the Huns, much as they pretended to despise us, did all they could to copy us in even trivial details.

He told me of an amusing incident at their camp in Germany. Our boys had been permitted to watch a "wonderful" display of bayonet fighting by German instructors. Since they had good reason to respect the British Tommy's prowess with the bayonet, the Huns had stepped up their training in the use of this weapon.

They no doubt thought they would greatly impress our boys with their skill.

All they received from our irrepressibles was a chorus of raspberries.

One of our boys in particular was very loud with his derisive laughter, which greatly annoyed the Hun officer in charge. "Vot for you laugh so much?" he asked him. Our friend told him in not very polite terms, and the upshot was that the German invited him to show what he could do against the instructor.

No sooner said than done.

THE prisoner spat on his hands joyfully as he grasped the rifle and bayonet, and before the Jerry realised what was happening he was on his back, with his own weapon flying through space. When the officer had recovered his powers of speech he asked the grinning victor, "Can all the British soldiers use the bayonet like this?"

"Of course they can," was the answer, and at this the Hun went away to report this epoch-making discovery to the big shots.

He was never told that the bright lad who had flattened the Jerry instructor in the blink of an eyelid was the champion bayonet fighter of the Eastern Command.

Whether this little incident had anything to do with the fact that the moment hostilities ceased all young Germans were encouraged to take up English sport, and, in particular, boxing, is problematical, but in view of the thorough preparations that were made to renew the conflict, it is fairly certain that no small item was overlooked.

It is a fact that boxing is of especial assistance to skill in bayonet fighting, and we may give the Germans credit for observing this.

Of course, it is by now all as clear as daylight that our boxers were used to train many of the Hun fighters, but other than one or two fairly useful sloggers, the Germans are never likely to shine as skilful boxers.

★ ★ ★

Whilst the Germans were learning from our professionals, who had taken up positions in Germany as boxing instructors, they were also doing some dirty work in the promoting line.

In Germany itself, whenever any of our boxers fought in contests there, they took elaborate measures to show how fair they were to their former enemies, but that was merely the dust to cloud our eyes from seeing too close into the true state of affairs.

NOT A DOG'S CHANCE.

In other places on the Continent, especially in the cities that belong to Germany's satellites, boxing contests were used as a means of belittling the name of Great Britain and of showing that we had become a decadent race.

How was it done? Quite simple. An agent would approach one of our third or fourth-raters to accept a contest on the Continent. He would be given a fixed sum, win, lose or draw, and all expenses. He would be matched against some Continental champion and would not stand a dog's chance of winning, but he would not bother much about that.

How could this poor pugilist be expected to realise the full implications? He might be a little wiser after the event, but there was not much that he could do about it.

For many years Britain had produced the best boxers. After all, England was the home of boxing, and all the Continental peoples looked upon the British as a fine fighting race.

Imagine their feelings, then, when a British boxer, who has been written up to beat the band in their local Press, comes to their city, and, instead of giving a rousing display of skilful boxing, gets knocked out in half a round by a German, or Frenchman, or maybe even an Italian.

Well they might be excused for shaking their heads and agreeing that it was all too true that the British had become a decadent race.

This sort of thing went on at various intervals in all parts of Europe.

In vain we protested. By "we" I mean the two or three sporting writers who knew the damage that was being done. None among the high-ups appeared to bother their heads in the slightest. To them it might have savoured of the silly task of making a mountain out of a molehill.

All the same, too many molehills can be troublesome.

I have already mentioned that Georges Carpentier, the French idol, as he was called, owed nine-tenths of his fame and a similar proportion of his fortune to British boxing. British promoters, and, above all, the great British public.

How did he repay us? By heaping insults on our boxers, on our institutions, and everything else that was British.

This may have been intensified by his German trainer, but I do not think it had anything to do with Francois Descamps, the grand old manager who had made him into a first-class boxer from a performer of tricks in the gutter.

CARPENTIER—CONSPIRATOR.

Descamps never forgot what he owed to the people of our country, and, in any event, he loathed the Hun.

However, towards the end of his career Carpentier was riding the high horse over his old manager.

With this in mind, it may easily be imagined with what gusto he joined in the conspiracy to lower our boxing prestige by means of one of the more glaring of the one-sided, sordid affairs under discussion.

I will quote what I wrote about it at the time; 1924 is the year. Here it is:

"I am afraid the prestige of poor old British boxing is to be given a nasty black eye.

"It is true that all close followers of the boxing game know well enough how to regard the puerile farce that is to be staged in Vienna, but there must be many thousands of ordinary people who will think that the meeting of Carpentier and our veteran second-rater, Arthur Townley, is a level contest between representatives of two nations.

"This 'great international contest' is the all-absorbing topic in Austria. It is to be staged in a vast amphitheatre that is nearly as big as Wembley Stadium, and it is expected that 100,000 spectators will pay to see the contest."

"The Austrian newspapermen for the past fortnight have printed what one can only describe as yards of rubbish dealing with what they imagine to be a real fight to decide the question of boxing supremacy between France and England.

"We are told how Carpentier is worshipped. He has been the guest of honour at a reception at the French Legation: his portrait is exhibited in every cafe: the shops are displaying Carpentier socks, hats and waterproofs, and everything barring the receipt for his income tax.

"And poor Townley is confined to a cellar.

"It is time that steps were taken to prevent this sort of thing. What would happen if any promoter had the temerity to stage such an affair in this country?"

It is almost needless to add that the Englishman was knocked out in the second round, what time Carpenter was acclaimed a great hero.

When Townley returned he told me that everything possible had been done to humiliate him. Whilst Carpentier had been given the millionaires' suite at the biggest hotel in Vienna, they had given Townley a bed in a cellar in the slum quarter of the town.

"What on earth made you take the engagement?" I asked him.

"Well, you know," was the reply, "I've got to live, and I could not get any work here. All the same, if I had known what it was all about I wouldn't have gone there for quite a lot of money."

That is just one example of many hundreds, but it is enough to convey the low cunning of a race of thugs; the cunning that passes for cleverness with some unthinking nitwits.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.



I know what happened that night

GWEN DARCY went back to London the next day. She had gone to get "that packet," the typed notes and the photograph. Merrow had urged her to do nothing more until he had seen them, and particularly he advised caution.

"If we are to trace this man Charlton and find out anything about him, he must not have any idea that anyone suspects him," he said, not so much because he thought Gwen would trace him, but to gain time for himself.

He wanted to think quietly, set out his facts, and draw his first logical conclusions from them. Before he went to bed that night he made a number of notes. The first was one of which he had said nothing to Gwen, though the idea had come to his mind when he had heard Milly's story of Janet's meeting with Charlton.

QUIZ for today

1. A serin is a musical term, chiropodist's instrument, bird, Mexican priest, Spanish song, fluid used in medicine?

2. Who wrote (a) From the Earth to the Moon, (b) Heaven and Earth?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Badger, Stoat, Weasel, Marten, Otter, Martin.

4. What is a biscuit called in U.S.A.?

5. What is the length of the Kiel Canal?

6. Where did the spaniel get its name?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Rennet, Proactivity, Rince, Paregon, Nonagon, Menagerie.

8. What rank in the A.T.S. is equivalent to a Midshipman?

9. Who was the English Opium Eater?

10. On what river does Coventry stand?

11. For what do the initials I.W.W. stand?

12. Complete the phrases (a) Between wind and —, (b) Six of one — — —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 220

1. Bottle.

2. (a) W. S. Gilbert, (b) Sir T. Martin and W. E. Aytoun.

3. Manx is a cat; the others are dogs.

4. Elevator.

5. 26.

6. Al' Borak.

7. Orthodox, Intimidate.

8. Captain.

9. A form.

10. Tawie.

11. Doctor of Civil Law.

12. (a) Blue Moon, or Life-

time, (b) Furious.

JANE



THE LADY IN NUMBER FOUR PART V—By Richard Keverne

He wrote: "—Was Charlton an old lover of Janet Warren's?"

To him it seemed more than possible. Janet Warren herself was a mystery woman; Gwen knew practically nothing of her past life. Then he made notes of the information he had been able to extract about Janet.

She was a lonely woman. She had many acquaintances, but no intimate friends. She had studied in Paris, but under what master Gwen did not know. She had been working for a time in New York before she came to London about seven years ago. She had begun in Chelsea as an unknown, in very modest circumstances.

She had made her first success with a portrait of Flora Wayne, the woman novelist, who had swept the painter of a portrait that she liked into the flood of her own well-organised public.

In the flow of commissions that followed that publicity Janet had had a minor breakdown, and it was Doctor Luke Danvers who attended her at the time, and also attended Gwen Darcy, who had brought the two women together. Gwen was earning a modest living as a journalist then, and Janet had taken to her immediately, and had made the suggestion that she should act as her secretary.

The Smoke Room had only a few customers, all regulars —Bob Ketton, Cummings, Baldock's man, two farmers, Dann from the Priory Farm beyond the inn garden, and another whose name Merrow did not know. They drank slowly and methodically, and when Merrow answered the Smoke Room bell he found them generally discussing local affairs.

The low-ceilinged Tap at the back was busier, and once, when Merrow looked in there to ask some question of Tom, he found it crowded and thick with smoke. The company were mostly farm labourers, playing darts or seated on rough settles, polished by years

of use, chaffing noisily and drinking an incredible number of mugs of mild, or occasionally old and mild.

But there was one little fellow there who particularly interested him, small, stumpy, and beady-eyed, with a shock of unkempt hair, and black stubble on his chin. He seemed to be the butt of the room.

Apropos something of which Merrow was ignorant, a hulking young labourer threw at the little fellow, "But, Jim, you'd know all about that, wouldn't you?"

"I don't know nawthin' about it," the man responded petulantly.

"Reckon you don't know nawthin' about nawthin' if I was to be asked," the first man retorted and raised a titter.

"Well, you ain't asked, see. Wait till you be."

"Jim don't know nawthin' about rabbits, do 'e, Jim?" someone else put in, and that brought a louder laugh.

"I knows what I knows, and that's more than what some chaps does," the little man retaliated, and turned the laugh.

"Who's that fellow, Tom?" Merrow asked, when he and Self were outside the door.

Tom grinned.

"The little 'un? Jim Bailey. He's a bit—you know, sir."

Tom tapped his forehead. "The chaps are always baiting him."

"Not all there?"

"Well—a bit crazy like. Hasn't been about lately, and the chaps are saying he's been in prison."

"Why, does he go to prison?" Tom nodded mysteriously.

"He has been. You ask Harry Ling."

"You mean he's a poacher?"

"You're right, sir. But when you've said that you've said the worst. He's not a bad little chap if the others'd only leave him alone."

A ringing bell warned Merrow that he was wanted in the Parlour, and he went along there. Then the Smoke Room called him again. It was nearing closing time, and the regulars wanted their final drinks before turning out into the smooth, warm night. It was while he was serving those drinks that the row in the Tap broke out.

Merrow heard rising voices, someone shouting with an oath, "Shut up, Syd," and Tom Self's peremptory "That's enough of that now. You get outside, both of you."

Merrow knew that he would have been wise to leave the trouble to Tom to settle. But he felt annoyed that there should be disorder in his inn—and on the first night he had been in sole charge.

He said sharply, "I must stop this," and went towards the Tap Room. Two of the customers followed him to see

WANGLING WORDS—176

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ST-CU, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of HIS GNATS, to make a South Coast town.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: OLD into MAN, DUET into TRIOS, STRAW into STACK, PIGS into SKIN.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from RECTANGLE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 175

1. ONomasticON.

2. GRETNNA GREEN.

3. PEAR, PEAT, BEAT, BEET, FEET, FRET, FREE, TREE.

BRAIN, GRAIN, GROIN, GROWN, CROWN, CROWS, CROSS, CRESS, TRESS, TRUSS, TRUST.

COLD, CORD, CORE, SORE, SORT, SOOT, SLOT, SLOW, SLEW, STEW.

STAR, SOAR, ROAR, REAR, NEAR, NEAT, NEWT, NEWS.

4. Pent, Tent, Tare, Rate, Tear, Tart, Tern, Trap, Part, Pert, Trip, Port, Peat, Tape, Pate, Tope, Poet, Pier, Tier, Rite, Tire, Near, Neat, Tine, Reap, Pear, Pare, etc.

Train, Pater, Trait, Ratio, Inert, Trope, Tapir, Taper, Treat, Peter, Apron, Preen, Print, Prone, Tenet, Tripe, etc.

He's a sight worse than little Jimmy Bailey."

"But what was it all about, Tom?" Merrow asked, though he was pretty sure of the answer.

"Why, sir, just chaff. They got talking about that inquest and what Harry Ling said about there being someone about the woods that night. Jim hasn't been about here since then, not till to-night, and they was pulling his leg about him being the chap Harry meant."

"His trouble's laying his fingers on what doesn't belong to him," Dann said sceptically. "If you keep chickens, you watch 'em."

"We don't," Cummings laughed. "The guv'nor don't like 'em; they make too much noise."

Tom Self made light of the incident when Merrow spoke of it after the customers had gone.

"Don't you worry your head about it, sir," he said. "It was my fault leaving the passage door open, or you'd never heard anything. But it was such a hot night. And it was all Syd Burridge's doing anyhow. Reckon it'd be as well to tell Syd he can go to 'The George' in future."

"I'll have a word with him next time I see him and tell him he's got to behave himself or go elsewhere. And he won't like that. Jimmie's never used another house in the parish for thirty year past."

(To be continued)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11					
12		13			14			
15				16	17			
			18	19				
20	21			22		23	24	
25			26	27		28		
33	34		35		36		37	
38		39						
40					41			

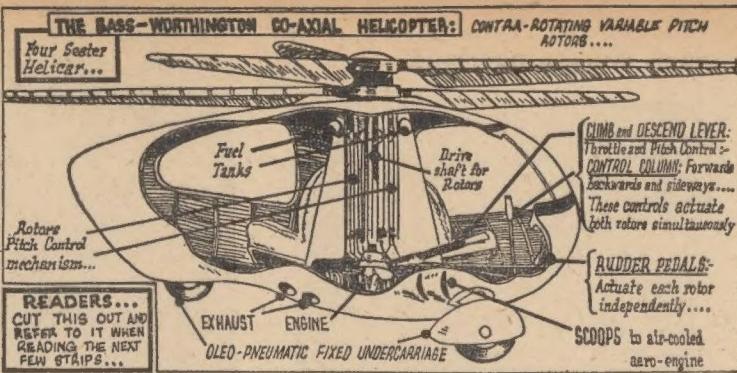
CLUES DOWN.

1. Hit fly. 2. Primitive boat. 3. Sweetmeat. 4. Baked dish. 5. Clothe. 6. Strong gusts. 7. Facility. 8. Rid of contents. 9. Headland. 10. Inhabitor. 11. Talk nonsense. 12. Colloquially. 13. Deceive. 14. Extra building. 15. Catch colloquially. 16. Aggrieved. 17. Impost. 18. County of Eire. 19. Fruit. 20. Size of paper.

COST	HOPPER
AZURE	WHITE
MODE	FLANGE
ENDEAR	SEAL
LEE	BOILER
SNIL	ASS
C	MEEK
GAMP	ANT
NESTOR	AROUND
AROUND	LINE
LINE	FORTE
FORTE	FARCE
FLEETS	BEET

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



News From Nowhere

By ODO DREW

(This week's news comes from overseas, from "Good Morning's" famous corps of war correspondents.)

YUGO-SLAVIA.

FROM the welter of confused fighting in Yugoslavia comes the news of successes of a fresh band of patriots, known as the Merrimen. This group, which is quite distinct from both Chetniks and Partisans, operates in the mountainous and densely wooded district of Scherwood. The favourite modus operandi is to ambush German supply columns and small detachments of troops on forest roads. The Merrimen wear home-made uniforms of Lynkon green, which serves, amongst the trees, as a useful camouflage.

Although few details of their organisation are available, it is known that they are led by Rob Binnud, a name that, so rumour has it, conceals the identity of a Serbian aristocrat of ancient descent.

A post corresponding to that of Chief of Staff in regular armies is filled by a Scherwood-born peasant, Longa Jonski, though many of the most successful operations have been planned by a patriot priest named Frya Tuk.

Rob Binnud's Merrimen include a considerable number of women, inspired, obviously, by Russian women partisans. One of them, May Dmarien, has already achieved great fame as a sniper.

UTOPIA.

THE broadcast by Mr. W. E. Gladstone to Utopia, when that state announced her intention of joining the United Nations, evoked favourable comment there. The aged statesman said that whoever joined in the fight against the Hun became our ally. Pointing out that, whilst this did not mean that we agreed with the whole of the Utopian Government's policy—he instanced communal ownership of goods and also slavery—he agreed that they had, in matters of education and abolition of unemployment, amongst other things, been for many years ahead of other nations; and their recognition of the need to sacrifice individual interests for the common good was only now being followed by the Western democracies.

Mr. Gladstone made it clear, however, that the United Nations had no intention of interfering with the right of nationals to a free choice of the type of Government they felt to be most suitable for them, subject, of course, to certain reservations which were well known.

It will be remembered that Utopia was founded in 1516 by a famous Englishman, Sir Thomas More.

GREECE.

A STRIKING story of Broos, the great Greek patriot leader, has just been told in Cairo. It appears that, not long ago, the fate of the insurgent bands seemed to be sealed as the Germans advanced everywhere. All attempts to break out were repulsed, and Broos was convinced of the futility of carrying on the struggle any longer.

One day, however, he was hiding in a cave, when he noticed a spider which kept on falling from the roof and climbing up again laboriously on its thin thread. Not once only did it do this, but a score of times, until at last it regained the roof.

That experience renewed all Broos's courage and hope. He reorganised his forces, and the recent victory of Bannukbrn is the result.

ITALY.

ONE of the newspapers published in the liberated portion of Italy tells the following story as illustrative of the illogicality of the Nazi-Fascists. It concerns a wealthy citizen of Venice, a Signor Antonio, and his friend, Signor Bassanio. The latter, wishing to make an urgent journey, applied to Antonio for funds. But most of Antonio's money had been invested forcibly in Italian War Loan. So he borrowed from a money-lender named Shylock.

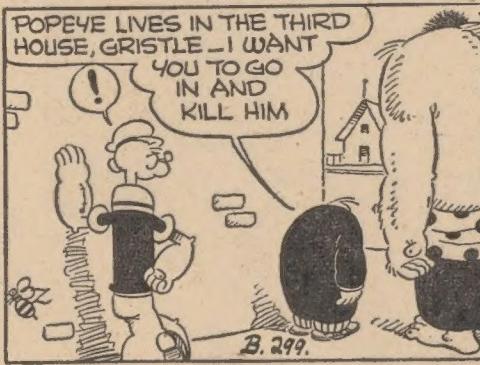
The two Italians were suspected of anti-Fascist ideas, so the head of the local Carabinieri set a trap, arranging with the money-lender to impose the following terms: If the money were not repaid within three months Antonio was to forfeit a pound of his own flesh.

At the expiration of that period the Allies had invaded Italy and the bottom had fallen completely out of Italian Funds. Antonio could not pay, and so was sued. The defence was undertaken by one of the best-known women barristers in Rome, a Signorina Portia. Whilst agreeing that Shylock was entitled by law to the pound of flesh, she claimed that this must not be exceeded by a hair's weight, nor must any blood be taken with it.

When the Court refused to accept this plea, Portia quoted an old law by which any foreigner scheming against the life of a citizen should forfeit both life and money.

In reply to the judge, who asked what she meant by "foreigner," the defence stated that it had been discovered that Shylock was a Jew. The German attorney, who was watching the case, insisted that the case be at once dismissed, and the money-lender was mulcted of a fine heavy enough to ruin him. Antonio, Bassanio and Portia have now escaped to the south of Italy.

POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

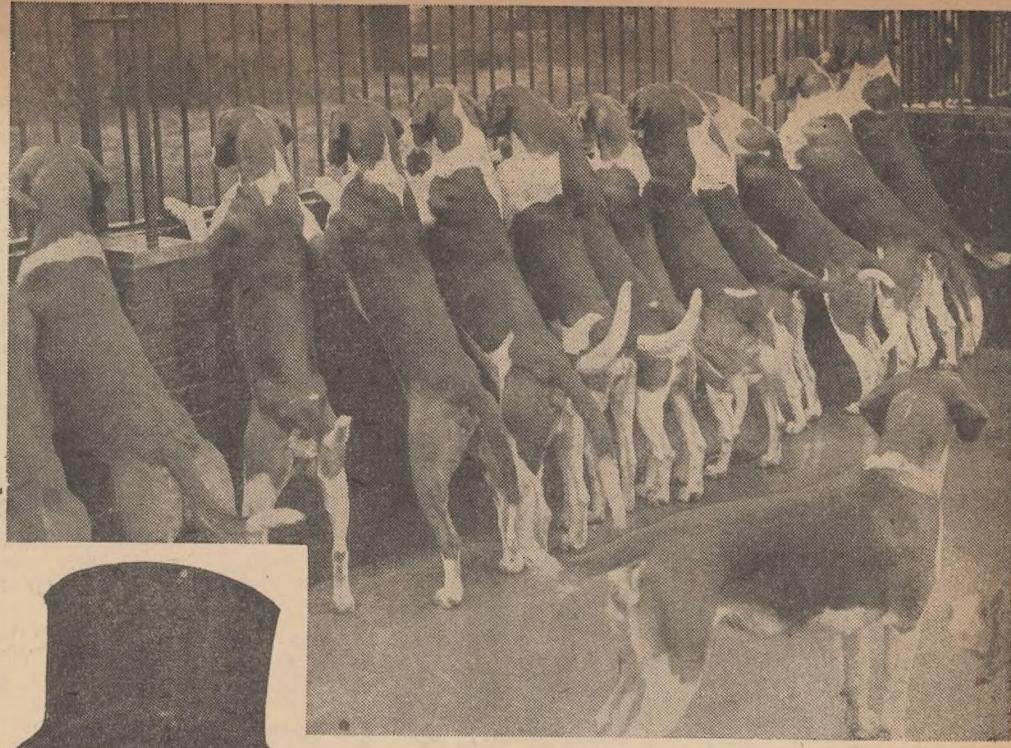


Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

This England

A view of the North Tyne river, near Kielder, Northumberland.



TAIL-WAGGERS ALL

We strongly suspect that food is indicated, but what on earth has put this chap in the foreground off his appetite?



SWING IT

And if anyone can, it is Ann Miller, star dancer of Fox films.



Well, isn't that funny? Here I've been dreaming of Brer Rabbit on my way to the park, and the moment I wake up . . . there you are.

"Frankly, I can't say that I'm too fond of retirement yet. . . . Miss the jolly old London traffic very much, I do."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You should see me on the tiles."

